What winde of honour blowes this fury forth?
Or whence proceedes these fumes of Maiestie?
Me thinkes I heare a hollow Eccho sound,
That *Philip* is the sonne vnto a King:
The whistling leaues vpon the trembling trees,
Whistle in consort I am *Richards* sonne:
The bubling murmur of the waters fall,
Records *Philippus Regius filius:*
Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,
Filling the aire with glory of my birth:
Birds, bubbles, leaues, and mountaines, Eccho, all
Ring in mine eares, that I am *Richards* sonne.
Fond man! ah whither art thou carried?
How are thy thoughts y wrapt in Honours Heauen?
Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camst.
Thy fathers lands cannot maintaine these thoughts,
These thoughts are farre vnfitting *Fauconbridge*:
And well they may; for why this mounting minde
Doth soare too high to stoupe to *Fauconbridge*.
Why how now? knowest thou where thou art?
And knowest thou who expects thy answere here?
Wilt thou vpon a franticke madding vaine
Goe loose thy land, and say thy selfe base borne?
No, keepe thy land, though *Richard* were thy Sire,
What ere thou think'st, say thou art *Fauconbridge*.

Iohn. Speake man, be sodaine, who thy father was.

Phil. Please it your Maiestie, Sir *Robert*,
Philip, that *Fauconbridge* cleaues to thy iawes:
It will not out, I cannot for my life
Say I am sonne vnto a *Fauconbridge*.
Let land and liuing goe, tis honours fire
That makes me sweare King *Richard* was my Sire.
Base to a King addes titles of more State,
Than Knights begotten, though legitimate.
Please it your Grace, I am King *Richards* Sonne.

Robert, Robert, reuiue thy heart, let sorrow die,
His faltring tongue not suffers him to lie.

Mother

Mo. What head-strong fury doth
Phil. Philip cannot repent, for he
Ioh. Then *Philip* blame not me, t
By wilfulnesse, thy liuing and thy la
Robert, thou art the heire of *Fauconb*
God giue thee ioy, greater than thy
Q. Eli. Why how now *Philip*, g
Phil. Madam, I am bold to make
The poorest kinsman that your Hig
And with this Prouerbe gin the worl
Helpe hands, I haue no lands, Honor
Let *Philip* liue to shew himselfe wor
Eli. Philip, I thinke thou knewst
But cheere thee boy, I will not see th
As long as *Elinor* hath foote of land
Henceforth thou shalt be taken for
And waite on me and on thy Vncle
Who shall giue Honour to thy nobl
Ioh. Philip kneele downe, that
How much thy resolution pleaseth v
Rise vp Sir *Richard Plantaginet* King
Phil. Grant Heauens that *Philip*
Worthy the honour of *Plantaginet*,
Or basest glory of a Bastards name.
Ioh. Now Gentlemen, we will aw
To checke the pride of *Arthur* and
Essex, thou shalt be Ruler of my Re
And toward the maine charges of m
Ile ceaze the lasie Abbey lubbers lan
Into my hands to pay my men of w
The Pope and Popelings shall not g
With gold and groates, that are the
Thus forward Lords, let our comma
And march we forward mightily to

Manet Philip and his

Philip. Madame, I beseech you de
sure as the hearing of a matter that

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)